

## The Critic

Published Weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1889.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in the city. Boston: Damsell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of Nuova Antologia.

### Literature

#### George Meredith's Novels\*

IN THE YEAR 1846, astronomers—Leverrier in France, Adams at Cambridge—diligently pondering upon matters over head, found that to account for certain phenomena, a new member in the planetary family was needed. No vague want this, for independently each fixed the place, weighed the mass and determined many other of the strictly private affairs of the sidereal desideratum. Then, in the very insolence of knowledge, they directed the telescopes of observers to the selected spot, and there was found the planet Neptune, possessed of the qualities and exercising the very forces the existence of which had been with such assurance assumed. The thing now to be noted is that the discovery of the new force was due to a want, a need. It was not foreseen—only fore-needed; a notion which perhaps lies at the very root of the seer's vocation, and tends to the idea that a keen human want is the profoundest of prophecies.

In so many ways do books resemble men, being either their creatures or their creators, that what is true of the one may generally be predicated of the other. Notably true is it that books like men arise in response to the needs of the time, and it follows that one keenly studying the wants of the reading world can foretell what will be the qualities of its next exemplar; which must, in turn, constitute the criterion by which to determine the conditions in conformity with which it was evoked. The past few years have witnessed in this country the advent to a tardy popularity of George Meredith, most of whose work was born and buried years before. A revival such as this is far more significant than mere production or publication, and the more deeply buried the book was the more significant its return to the vital air. Meredith's books in their interment almost rivalled the Egyptian wheat.

It was in 1859 that 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' his first novel of importance, was published, and for the succeeding quarter of a century he continued to write. 'Mary Barton' appeared in 1860, 'Evan Harrington' in 1861, 'Emilia' in 1864, 'Rhoda Fleming' in 1865, 'Vittoria' in 1866, 'Harry Richmond' in 1871; 'Beauchamp's Career' in 1876, 'The Egoist' in 1879, 'The Tragic Comedians' in 1881, and 'Diana of the Crossways' in 1885. Since this last date no new novel has appeared. That is between four and five years ago; and it is not going too far to say that within the last two years Meredith has, for the first time, begun to secure a reading public in America. Here and there an isolated reader of 'Richard Feverel' or 'Beauchamp's Career' might have been found before, but a reading public he had not.

Of his reception in England it is not our intention to speak, but it cannot be devoid of significance that a 'History of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria,' appearing as late as 1882, although mentioning such an unknown personage and her books as Mrs. Houston, fails to recognize the existence of George Meredith. In the same year there appeared in America a comprehensive 'History of English

Prose Fiction;' and in this, likewise, no reference is made to Meredith. But we need no illustrations such as these to tell us of our own slow recognition of this author. Let the reader run his eye down the list of novels just given, and ask himself for which of them, on its original publication, he waited with interest. The same year that gave birth to 'Richard Feverel' witnessed the first appearance of 'Adam Bede,' 'The Virginians,' 'The Woman in White,' 'The Tale of Two Cities' and 'The Marble Faun.' And while we were waiting in eager anticipation for instalments of 'Romola,' 'Middlemarch,' 'Great Expectations' or 'Our Mutual Friend,' which of us knew of the poet-novelist of Box Hill? or that 'Beauchamp's Career,' 'The Egoist' and other of his novels were being born, and heralded at home by the chosen few.

For this Meredith's style is somewhat to blame. Digressive he is, exacting much both of the patience and perseverance of his reader, delighting in verbal play that conceals rather than reveals his meaning and irritates both nerves and brain. Aphoristic, also, to satiety. Like the greater carnivora he stalks his prey in the dark, and like the lesser he harries it to death after he has got it. But it must be borne in mind that with George Meredith narrative plays but a secondary part in the general scheme of the novel; and that the development of his fundamental thought often necessitates a digression, a flight into the cold regions of pure metaphysics, or a *reductio ad absurdum* of some simulacrum of truth, which impedes the narrative. Moreover, the objective world is to him less tangible than the subjective. 'I have always written,' he says to the author of an admirable essay upon his work, 'with the perception that there is no life but of the spirit; that the concrete is the shadowy; yet that the way to spiritual life lies in the complete unfolding of the creature, not in the nipping of his passions.'

Of Meredith's self, his personality, we get but little in his books: the man is submerged in his theme. Free, too, is he from the introspective analysis of modern literature—the diving into self to bring out emotional effects. Of styles he possesses several so distinct that they appear mutually exclusive. His manner shows in turn the abandon of gaiety and the rhapsody of poetry, pure comedy and the heroic strain of martial music. Sometimes it has the deep moral solemnity of the Hebrew poets, sometimes it is merely a crazy flock of words and fancies. Native to his genius is a rugged expression like Carlyle's, a beauty of description of person and mind, a keenness of insight, a peculiar and constant vein of subtle satire, a poignancy of epigram whose caustic wit rushes burning through one's mind like new wine through the arteries. He builds up the central character with little pats and touches all tending to one end. Phrases are caught and meanings turned, battledore and shuttlecock played with sentiments, and ideas coupled that are Chinese puzzles to the dull brain. In intellectuality he is a spendthrift, and his brilliant passages of wit are forged under the hammer that welds the book into shape, rather than under the passive pressure of reflection. In his method of warfare he is a Saladin, not a Cœur de Lion: he uses the cimeter, not the battle-axe.

Returning for a moment to the notion of the discovery of the needed planet, what does the analogy suggest in the revival of Meredith? What force in fictional literature, hitherto conspicuous by its absence, does he supply? A not unimportant query this, being a measure not only of the man's worth and place, but also of the field and its prior yields. It is not that he brought style: this we may premise to a certainty; besides, style we had, and stylists; nor does Meredith's style, as such, commend itself even to his most devoted admirers. It was not plot: of this, properly speaking, he has none. Nor can it be said that he has added to the materials of fiction, or extended its pathway into pastures new; for of all men he most sticks to the beaten path and uses only matter common to all. Originality in the sense of invention he has none. Venturesomeness in the

\*The Novels of George Meredith. 10 vols. \$1.50 per vol. Boston: Roberts Bros.

sense of sensationalism he abhors, as do we; and of this, moreover, we have had and still have an abundance. Novelists have been as earnest, as truthful, as faithful—even more so, in dull fidelity to fact. It is not that he is a realist—for in the common acceptance of the word the literary world is teeming with realistic novels at the very hour when the demand for Meredith is strongest.

But here, perhaps, we may see a faint glimmer of light in the distinction between his realism and that of others. To us realism seems to consist in the reproduction with photographic verity of the subject of portrayal—one of the chief tenets being that, provided this degree of fidelity be arrived at, no matter what the phase of life disclosed, the result is a realistic novel—a truthful and typical picture of real life. We are taught that, in a sense, Art, in weighing out truth, is blind, like Justice, and that in its selection of subjects, it is, like Death, no respecter of persons. To this blind and dead school of fiction, blind in its artistic sense and dead in its ethical, Meredith comes, saying that he will declare unto it that art which it thus ignorantly has worshipped. The more one studies him the more does his work stand out in clear distinction from modern fiction in two particulars, both condemnatory of the reporter methods of that school—namely, in the selection of subjects, and in the treatment of the subjects chosen. The attitude of the realistic cult upon the proper subjects for fiction we have just alluded to as a canon that teaches that any phase of life, truly described, constitutes material for fictional art. To those thus minded, humanity is like the great vessel let down from heaven by the four corners, the contents of which are regarded in their cleanness or uncleanness as equally fair because of their vehicle. If to this indiscriminateness an element of sensationalism can be added, we have the commercial realist—the ultimate point thus far attained in the descending scale of fiction. To the demurring public the commercial realist says, as Dr. Johnson said anent his wine to his more fastidious friend, 'Tut, man! it is black, and it makes you drunk; what more can you ask?'

Opposed to all this—demanded because of his very opposition to it—stands Meredith; writing not to order, but out of the fulness of spirit, selecting as themes the great truths, not the incidental vices of life. What deeper lessons can be taught than those found in 'Richard Feverel'?—that hypocrisy is a pestilential poison that kills all faith, confidence, love, respect; that it is, as the life of Sir Austin Feverel illustrates, a positive power of evil—that Sin is destructive—that the wicked self-deception, the cruel suffering which Richard inflicted upon his gentle wife bore as consequences, not merely the subjective retribution of remorse, but actual ruin, actual death of what he loved. Not because Richard sinned against society was he punished; George Meredith does not seek to redress social wrongs; but because he had broken the laws of humanity. 'Rhoda Fleming' has also a tragic theme of terrible intensity, whose master idea may be gleaned from the exclamation 'Help poor girls!'—the dying words of the loving Dahlia from whose sin such agony had come to herself and others. Here, in the character of Edward Biancove, we have the picture of the utter baseness of a mawkish sentimentalism united to an intellect perfectly capable of perceiving its moral obligations and yet voluntarily ignoring them. We have this scorn, this almost bitterness against pretence and sentimentality, as the motive of other characters—Sir Lukin Dunstane, the family of Poles, and even Roy Richmond, that masterpiece of imaginative charlatanism, must possess the taint of it, to complete the roundness of an utterly artificial and impossible character.

What could be truer or subtler than the theme of 'The Egoist'—one of the greatest comedies in literature, and more compact in construction than Meredith's novels usually are,—the repulsions which, sooner or later, every one who came in contact with Sir Willoughby Patterne felt, when they perceived that in the lava bed of his selfish, ego-

istic nature no green or tender thought for another might grow? What more beautiful than the triumphant dominance in 'Beauchamp's Career' of pure spirit over material failure? When was Beauchamp ever winning or fortunate? and yet in the end which of his bitterest enemies, political or personal, did he not convince of his earnestness, his purity, his humanity? In 'Evan Harrington,' extravagant, theatrical as the book appears to us, for theme we have nature throwing off the binding ceremonies of social customs and asserting herself in naked, living force. And so on, through all of Meredith's work; the themes selected are capable of artistic treatment because in themselves germane to art.

It is in treatment, however, that the antagonism of Meredith to the school of modern realistic fiction is chiefly to be noted. How radical the difference is can only be appreciated by those who learn it from his work; it cannot be taught by the telling of it. Instead of reproducing any one character whom he has seen, or depicting some one scene as it occurred, or describing some one phase of humanity as it has displayed itself in a single instance, his mind delights to gather, from every source open to it, its peculiar grain of truth, which he delivers to us synthesized into a harmonious unit: not like any one of the actualities from which he took its parts, but revealing a broader truth. It is the special function of genius to perceive and seize these essential truths, that it may recombine them into a universal type. No flower, however sweet, holds honey in its cup: it is the province of the bee to visit every flower, mingling together what it abstracts from each. This method, which is distinctly peculiar to Meredith, implies the possession of mental attributes far superior to those to which we are accustomed—qualities of mind and spirit both philosophic and poetic. He stamps with his own impress all the gold that he gathers, before he lets us have it back. What we receive is minted coin, marked with an image and superscription to which a new value must be credited. The stamp is that of an earnest, searching soul, reflecting back upon the world even the inequalities of its own surface. And, tired with the panorama of current facts unrolled as by machinery, with explanatory notes by this or that showman, mankind cry aloud for a presentation of humanity as it appears to the eye of a poet, as it is distilled from the soul of a seer.

Vaguely expressed, this was the want which existed and which shaped itself into a demand in response to which Meredith was revived; this the vacuum which, in obedience to laws as inexorable in the psychic as in the physical world, he came to fill.

#### Two on a Tour\*

'*Nulla dies sine linea*' is a good motto for the latter-day tourist who delights in 'line upon line' if not in 'precept upon precept.' His 'lines' indeed have gone out through the whole earth, and in the present instance at least have 'fallen in pleasant places.' It is not often that a tourist-book is published for the sake of the pictures. The usual holiday tramp is so little reticent that he ordinarily gives himself, instead of the land he is visiting—a species of self-immolation, or self-exhibition, which the world could well spare. In the Mahaffy-Rogers tour through Holland and Germany, however, we have a delightful pictorial gallery of the windmills and churches, the canals and steeples, the castles and town-halls of these flat lands, with as little as possible of personal dyspepsia, gastronomic lore, or patriotic abuse of one country because it is not another. Avoiding hackneyed cities like Antwerp and Amsterdam, our fellow-travellers steam down the picturesque Thames, and make a more or less prolonged stay in such old Dutch towns as Dordrecht, Leyden, and Haarlem. Each short chapter brims over with charming views taken of gables, and town-gates, and antique doorways, described in a simple yet graphic manner to make one long straightway for a sight of them in

\* Sketches from a Tour through Holland and Germany. By J. P. Mahaffy and J. E. Rogers. 3s. Macmillan & Co.



the flesh. Then the tourists zigzag about the 'dead cities' of the Zuyder Zee and gather varied and piquant sketches of the still life there—the red-elbowed Dutch *woman*, the quaint head-dressing, the mediæval tombs in the whitewashed Lutheran churches, and the strange water-craft that abound through Holland.

From this to adjacent Germany is but a step; accordingly the sketchers pass over to delightful old Brunswick and its Romanesque churches, thence to Helmstedt and Hildesheim, and next to Marburg and Fulda and Wartburg with their memories of St. Boniface and Luther. Here is the heart of Germany, more strikingly beautiful than ordinary English tourists dream of,—almost ignored by the guide-books, too, and full to repletion of highly original architecture, ancient red-tiled roofs, gargoyled Gothic passing into elaborate Renaissance, and churches with wonderfully lofty naves and rare wood-carving. The Baltic towns are then visited, and this end of the book is stored with pictorial spoil from the region of the Hanseatic League. Never before had we so distinct a picture of these sleepy burghs with their mediæval towers, their shining waters, their roofs of glittering black-and-ruby tile-work, and their really grand ecclesiastical edifices. Wismar, Lübeck, Lüneburg, and Hamburg live again in these lively pages, which overflow with observant criticism as well as with enthusiasm for ancient buildings. A world unknown is traversed by the friends in their summer jaunt, and one is really astounded to find how little one has really seen of Germany in having seen only the big Berlins, the conventional Dresdens, and the threadbare Colognes. Nearly four hundred years ago Luther remarked that the German universities needed 'a good, strong reformation,' unreformed universities being (in his pithy phrase) 'a devilish provocation.' Here is what our travellers witnessed on stopping at the station of the great and learned University of Göttingen:

We had determined to look at some old University towns upon our way, and had thought of stopping at Göttingen. Unfortunately, when we arrived at the station, we found a large number of the students (of the red Hanoverian *Verbindung*) seeing off their friends. Our Oxford companion almost turned ill on the spot. A more beery, swollen, criminal-looking set of people it would be hard to find, and to add to their natural repulsiveness, almost all of them were cut and slashed about the face in a most disgusting manner. The wounds were fresh, at least if a wound healing by supuration can be called fresh, and they seemed rather proud than ashamed of exhibiting this nauseous and barbarous decoration to the public at the station. It was well-known to us in former years that a badly-healed scar in the face was used in Germany instead of our hood, to mark a graduate or B.A.

These remarks are made by the accomplished Greek scholar Dr. J. T. Mahaffy and Prof. Rogers of the University of Oxford.

#### Sir Henry Maine on International Law \*

THE LATE Sir Henry Maine was perhaps the most distinguished among that notable group of English jurists of our own times—of whom the late John Austin was the leader and exemplar,—who broke through the professional trammels of legal precedent, and endeavored to discover beneath all 'single instances' the universal principles of law which underlie and unite them. To accomplish this end they had recourse to the latest discoveries in the science of the human races, and sought everywhere, in ancient traditions and among barbarous tribes, for the causes which lead communities to combine and crystallize in certain forms. This was the method apparent in Maine's earlier works, which gave him his peculiar distinction. His 'Ancient Law,' 'Lectures on the Early History of Institutions,' 'Village Communities in the East and the West,' 'Dissertations on Early Law and Customs,' are all marked by this large-minded purpose of unearthing that 'law be-

neath the law,' which brings all humanity into one brotherhood.

He was, however, of too judicial and circumspect a temper to allow himself to become the slave of any theory. In discussing the subjects of his earlier treatises, he always displayed an anxiety to keep his mind free from prejudice, and to view the many facts which he cited in the clear light of reason. The same, perhaps, cannot be said so decidedly of his more recent work, on 'Popular Government,' where republican institutions, and especially those of the United States, are treated in a manner seemingly somewhat tinged by the caste prejudices prevailing in English aristocratic society. If this were the case, it must be admitted that in his latest and, sad to say, his posthumous work, now under consideration, abundant amends are made. The subject of International Law, treated in the mode prescribed by Dr. Whewell, the founder of the professorship under which these lectures were delivered, was exactly such as was best suited to call forth the author's highest powers and strongest sympathies. No one could be better qualified to carry out the purpose of the founder, who required that a lecturer 'should make it his aim, in all parts of his treatment of the subject, to lay down such rules and suggest such measures as might tend to diminish the evils of war, and finally to extinguish war among the nations.'

It is impossible within the compass of this review, to show how admirably this injunction has been fulfilled, and with what wealth of learning, clearness of judgment, and vigor of style the subject thus proposed has been dealt with in the present volume. It is sufficient to say that all the divisions of the subject, beginning with the origin, sources, and authority of international law, describing the existing rules of this law, as now accepted by all civilized nations, and closing with the latest proposals for the abatement of the evils of war, are discussed in the author's best manner, and that his conclusions are enforced by citations from the highest modern authorities. Among these, special prominence is given to American works (the 'many famous American law-books,' as the author styles them), and their judgments are frequently adopted in preference to the authorities of his own country. It is indeed a remarkable fact that, as shown by Sir Henry, the foundations of the present system of the Law of Nations have been mainly laid in four republics,—ancient Rome, Holland of the Seventeenth Century, Switzerland, and the United States. The tendency, moreover, of all the rules laid down by the greatest jurists of those countries, ancient and modern, has been invariably towards the mitigation of the miseries of war, and the establishment of the rights of non-combatants. It is not surprising, therefore, that the benevolent author should refer complacently to the circumstance that the latest born of these republics 'is perhaps destined to be the most powerful state in the world.'

The lectures, which had been corrected by the author throughout for delivery, but not prepared for publication, have been edited by two of his executors, Mr. Frederic Harrison and Sir Frederick Pollock, of whose capacity and inclination for the work no one will doubt. The best of editors, however, cannot always supply the care which the author himself would have exhibited. On pages 32-35 a long and important citation from Chancellor Kent is left without quotation marks, to the inevitable perplexity of the reader, who will only discover after a careful search, if at all, that the views expressed in it are not those of the author himself. On page 150 we find the odd expression, 'successes in drawn battles,' where it is evident from the context that the writer, in the haste of composition, had used a French idiom (*batailles rangées*), which his editors should have corrected to 'pitched battles.' Such oversights, however, do not detract materially from the value of an excellent work, which, like the author's prior publications, deserves a conspicuous place on the shelves of all public and all educational libraries.

\* International Law. A Series of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge, 1887. By Henry Sumner Maine. \$2.75. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

### The Study of Browning \*

IT is a curious sign of the times that so much attention should be given to Browning and his poetry. Various explanations have been given of this phenomenon of our current culture, some of them showing a true appreciation of Browning's poetical merits, and others of them quite wide of the mark. It is not wholly his poetry and the high quality of it which have given him such popularity as he has been accorded. There can be no doubt that much of the attention given him is the result of a literary 'fad,' the product of mere curiosity, and the outcome of a desire to see and hear something new. Not a little of it, however, on the part of the poet's true admirers, is the effect of his real poetic qualities—qualities that are sufficiently original and individual to excite the attention and the admiration of those best able to understand what is genuine and profound. In many of his poems, notably among the shorter ones, he has manifested great lyrical gifts and a large appreciation of human nature. In his monologues, and some of his dramatic pieces, he has made use of a novel, and yet a remarkable, insight into individual character. He has also spoken to the spiritual consciousness of our time concerning some of the highest questions which have ever stirred the minds of men. It is undoubtedly owing not a little to his philosophical and religious ideas, as embodied in his poetry, that so many thoughtful people have been drawn to him. Even in his most lyrical poems, and in those most fully given to the exposition of character, has he made a background of philosophical thought, that must be recognized in order fully to understand him. This it is that has interested many persons who would not otherwise care for him. In an age almost wholly given to an infatuation for science, and the inductive study of nature, Browning has been one of the boldest and most prophetic of idealists. To him it has seemed that the soul is the only true object of study; and every one of his poems has been devoted to the intuitive and loving study of the spiritual nature in man. He is a poetical or a dramatic Emerson, both in his spiritual vision and in his moral convictions. Widely as the two men differ in literary methods, there is a remarkable similarity in the form of idealism which both have propagated with so much earnestness.

These characteristics of Browning as a poet and teacher have been well developed in the 'Introduction' to his poetry written by W. J. Alexander, who is a professor in a Nova Scotia college. He not only speaks of the general characteristics of Browning's work as a poet, but he considers his philosophy, his conception of Christianity, his theory of art, and the various periods in the development of his genius. We cannot but think that the author takes too little account of Browning's tendency towards pantheism, shown in his conception of God, in his theory of evil and in his arguments for immortality; but for the most part he has rightly conceived the profound spirituality of his teachings and his large acceptance of Christianity. It is quite safe to say that Browning is the most Christian of recent poets, and that he has the most truly interpreted the spirit of Christianity; but it must be observed that his interpretation is in no sense whatever dogmatic or sectarian. He deals with the Christian ideas in a radical spirit; and he accepts them because they are philosophically or spiritually true, and not because of the historical or miraculous evidences which have been adduced for them. With the exception of a somewhat too strong tendency to find his own beliefs in the poet he interprets, the present expositor of Browning has done his work well. He has written with enthusiasm and yet with discretion. He understands the poet, and he has freely quoted him to illustrate conclusions. On the whole, we think this the best book yet published about Browning's poetry for the aid of the solitary reader or the guidance of clubs and study classes.

\* An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning. By William John Alexander. \$1.75. Boston: Ginn & Co.

### Mrs. Harrison's "Short Comedies" \*

IT IS SINGULAR how little originality there is in dramatic composition. From the beginning one nation has been engaged in appropriating the dramatic spoils of another. Plautus and Terence 'adapted' and 'arranged' Menander and the Greeks; Racine and Molière 'adapted' and 'arranged' Plautus and Terence, Euripides and Sophocles; Shakspeare pillaged and plundered the Italians; the Italians pillaged and plundered the French; and we pillage and plunder—everybody! This is Mr. Brander Matthews's hopeful dramatic outlook. The eighth commandment ought to be conveniently arranged in paradigms for the benefit of the dramatic 'hopeful'—particularly the transatlantic species. Yet of the bushels of rings picked up at Cannæ by the victorious Carthaginians, doubtless a few were sent home and transformed into objects of art. Of the bushels of comedies picked up on the fields of France, some few have retained the original sparkle in the new setting: they still sing in a strange land like captive Israelites by the waters of Babylon. Here and there a proverb, a comediotta, a one-act play, a little dramatic monologue, glistens among the heap and recalls the glimmer of 'sweet France,' telling us that they have survived the 'second death' of translation, and have taken on garments of immortality in a new land and under new conditions.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is one of the fortunate persons to whom one may deliver the key to a case full of precious curios without danger of their being recklessly handled and spoiled. She is instinctively dainty and careful; she knows what to pick out; and in her hands the selected objects rather gain than lose their lustre. How many persons could handle one of the exquisite iridescent Cypriote jars without leaving upon it a stain of breath or finger? How many persons can touch and translate a French comedy without extracting from it its perfume, its gaiety, its trembling accent of vitality, its volatile essences and airinesses? Here Mrs. Harrison is particularly skilful. In the five short comedies before us ('A Mouse-Trap,' 'Weeping Wives,' 'Behind a Curtain,' 'Tea at Four O'clock,' and 'Two Strings to her Bow'), she has laid the lightest hand imaginable on the French originals, and whisked them into English as deftly as a French cook turns an omelette. These pleasant pieces have already become popular in fashionable drawing-rooms, and have been acted again and again for charitable purposes. If one must perforce 'adapt' and 'arrange,' it is to be hoped that it will be in such 'harmonies' and 'nocturnes' as these, which are Whistler like in their dexterity of touch and color, and mirth-provoking in their keenness and fun.

### The Historic Town of Colchester†

THE SERIES OF HISTORIC TOWNS edited by Prof. E. A. Freeman is kept up to its high standard of excellence by the volume on Colchester, by the Rev. E. L. Cutts. The volumes are all of handsome English make, neatly printed and bound, indexed, and well supplied with maps and plans. Nothing can give one a better idea of the historic richness of English soil than a book like this. The strata of aboriginal, Britannic, Roman, Germanic, Saxon and Norman humanity yield fossil pictures of the past life of man, and here the shock and collision and subsequent blending of tongues and civilizations took place. Colchester is an especially fruitful theme for the historian, who in this case was for years secretary of the local archaeological Society of Essex County. It is probably the oldest historic town in Great Britain, being the first built by the Romans, about 50 A.D. It had been the 'Royal town' of Cunobelin, the Cymbeline of Shakspeare, and the Oppidum of the Trinobantes told about by Cæsar. It lies about fifty miles north-east of London. The story of the Roman relics, of the Saxon burgh, of the castle, the local Jewry, early and medi-

\* Short Comedies for Amateur Players. Adapted and arranged by Mrs. Burton Harrison. 50 cts. New York: De Witt Publishing House.

† Colchester. By E. L. Cutts. \$1.25. (Historic Towns.) New York: Longmans, Green & Co.



æval Christianity, the Reformation, trades, and sieges, is told with fine literary skill and is well interlarded with brief ancient quotation and the rich results of the scholar's pen and excavator's spade. Probably the most spirited portion is that describing the siege in the Parliamentary War. An American visiting Colchester could easily enjoy a week in seeing the invisible past through this book, or might amuse himself by interleaving the volume with photographs of the old relics and places. At least six namesakes of the old town are found in America, four in 'the States,' and two in Canada; and what is probably the one county of the United States richest in history, literature, science and archæology, is Essex County in Massachusetts, which takes its name from the English shire in which Colchester stands.

#### "Re-incarnation"\*

IN A DOZEN chapters or so the author of 'Re-incarnation' has endeavored to revive the doctrine of metempsychosis and emphasize it as a regenerating force in the world. The arguments which he thinks conclusive are seven in number, to wit: the idea of immortality demands it; analogy makes it most probable; science confirms it; the nature of the soul requires it; it most completely answers the theological questions of 'original sin' and 'future punishment'; it explains many mysterious experiences; it alone solves the problem of injustice and misery which broods over our world. After developing these points, he proceeds to answer the 'four leading objections to the idea of re-births—namely, that we have no memory of past lives; that it is unjust for us to receive now the results of forgotten deeds enacted long ago; that heredity confutes it; that it is an uncongenial doctrine.' The remainder, and much the greater part, of the volume is taken up chiefly with an account of the various forms of this belief in the East, and the traces of it in modern literature. The tone of the book is sober, and its purpose sincere and honorable. It is not to be denied that there are forcible considerations, which by no means all appear upon the surface, in favor of the theory here presented, and profoundly ethical thinkers have held to pre-existence as the best solution of certain moral difficulties in the scheme of the world. But we do not anticipate its wide adoption, nor any great effect from it as a corrective of the materialistic spirit of the time. Those who might be most benefited by it will not accept it, and those who will accept it either do not greatly need it, or else will take, along with it, a multitude of more objectionable notions. Materialism will not be conquered by any theory, but only by spiritual life.

#### "Shall we Teach Geology"†

THE SOMEWHAT tiresome controversy about the relative values of a classical and a scientific education has produced few books more readable or more unsatisfactory as argument than Prof. Winchell's 'Shall We Teach Geology?' In arriving at an affirmative answer to his question, the author makes liberal use of the reasons adduced by Herbert Spencer and others in favor of an early grounding in the natural sciences and applies them directly to his favorite study without appearing to see that it is essential to his purpose to prove not only that geology is preferable to Latin, geography and mathematics, the studies he particularly assails, but also to biology, chemistry and physics. In any logical order of studies, geology should certainly not come first; while in the natural order, following the development of a child's mind, the more obvious facts of living nature should precede it. The importance of not overloading the common school curriculum appears to impress Dr. Winchell very little. The responses he has obtained from the teachers of his State to the effect that school hours, and indeed all the available time of the pupils, are already filled, he meets with the sug-

gestion that time be taken from grammar, arithmetic and geography—not a bad idea in itself; but there are other claimants beside geology for any time which may be so gained. The advocates of manual training, of drawing, of instruction in business forms and methods must be heard. And the notion that the more abstract deductions of the science may be made to have a certain ethical import is hardly likely to be considered with every sect and each individual parent claiming full control over the ethical training of children.

Prof. Winchell is at his best when he speaks not as judge but as advocate. When, other matters more or less contemptuously dismissed, he sounds the praises of his science, expatiates on the abundance of its materials, the delightful exercise of collecting, classifying and arranging them, the pleasures of discovery, the joys of generalization, the satisfaction of having a solid basis of fact on which to build one's theories of the beginning and the end of things, he writes not only out of a full head and heart, but with the skill of an accomplished penman and the grace of an appreciative student of the classics. Of course, he brings the charge of inutility against these, and contrasts the advantages which dabbblers in mining-stocks might draw from a study of geology, as ignorant, plainly, of Wall Street's ways as its speculators are of the boulder drift. He is truly eloquent and convincing when he exhibits the elevating, the humanizing influences of geological study; but we fear it would be as useless to ask his advice about 'shares' and 'securities' as it was to inquire of his old acquaintance, Telephus, the price of a cast.

#### Minor Notices

PROF. J. D. WHITNEY has written a good-sized volume on 'The United States,' consisting of an article prepared by him for 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' and partly published in that work. The author complains that 'portions of the matter furnished were found to have been omitted altogether, and other portions materially altered by attempts at condensation'; hence he has thought it best to issue the work in its original form. A perusal of the book shows pretty clearly why the editors of the 'Britannica' condensed it; for it contains a great deal of matter which, however interesting to geographers and geologists, is of very little interest to anyone else. Nevertheless, the work is on the whole excellent, and gives a large amount of useful information concerning the physical characteristics and material resources of the United States. The longest chapters are on the physical geography of the country, and on its most important minerals. Others treat of population, climate, agriculture, commerce and other topics of interest, making altogether a useful volume both for reading and for reference. The chapter on the useful minerals is, perhaps, the best in the book. It treats in detail of all those minerals that are employed to any extent in our national industry. The climate of the country is written of with considerable fulness, and there is an interesting chapter on the forests. Statistics are presented on all the subjects dealt with, but there is unfortunately not a single map in the volume. Of course no pains were spared by Prof. Whitney to make the work as accurate as possible, and the statistics are the latest obtainable. The book is well-written and handsomely printed; and while it will interest intelligent Americans generally, it will be specially useful to those who have to deal, either scientifically or practically, with the material interests of the country. (\$3. Little, Brown & Co.)

'THE TRAMP AT HOME' is a book of travels in the United States by Lee Meriwether, special agent of the United States Department of Labor. The author was sent out to investigate the condition of working-women in the large American cities, and when we took up his book we expected to find considerable information on this and related subjects; but we were disappointed. A few facts of the kind are presented, but the greater part of the volume is filled with anecdotes and reports of personal experiences. Some account is given of the life and work of women in Brooklyn and in New England, but there is little in it with which the public are not already familiar. With regard to California there are some interesting remarks. The author shows that wages are considerably higher there than at the East, while the cost of living is lower; yet the working-people are quite as discontented there as elsewhere. This he attributes in part to the monopoly of land by a few persons and corporations, and in part to the fact that large fortunes have so often been acquired suddenly there, which makes everybody eager to do the same. In his concluding chapter Mr. Meriwether in-

\* Re-incarnation: A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. Walker. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Shall we Teach Geology? By Alexander Winchell. \$1. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

quires what will improve the workingman's condition, and after rejecting the remedies that others have proposed, comes to the conclusion that free trade and a graduated land tax are the two things most needed. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)

LADY KATIE MAGNUS, a well-known English writer who has done her part in enlightening modern sentiment concerning the Hebrews, has collected her literary portraits into a comely volume, for which the Gresham Press of Unwin Brothers, London, furnishes the excellent letterpress, and the Algonquin Press, Boston, contributes a title-page. The seven studies of Jewish life are full of tenderness and sympathy for a race long oppressed but indestructible. How the Jewish poets, thinkers, teachers and fathers have continued during eighteen long centuries to sing Jehovah's songs in strange lands is effectively told. Beneath the packs of the peddler and hawker were scholars, priests and men of lofty culture, and how these despised and accursed ones lived beautiful lives at home is eloquently told. The bad copying of the faults of their enemies, the hardening into conservatism that was obstinate and cruel, and the difficulty of reform within the Jewish communion are also shown. The papers on Heinrich Heine and 'Daniel Deronda and His Jewish Critics' will interest those who like the literary side of the author's theme, and 'Charity in Talmudic Times' will prove of value to students of ethics and theology. (\$1.50. Cupples & Hurd.)

THE REV. T. K. CHEYNE, D.D., of Oxford, who stands among the foremost of the English apostles of the 'higher criticism,' has written a monograph on 'Jeremiah: His Life and Times,' as the sixth volume of the excellent series of Men of the Bible, now numbering eight in all. This prophet lived in the tragic period of Judah's history, and was one of the reformers before the great reformation in the nation of which the book of Deuteronomy is believed to be an exponent and efficient cause. By the combined effort of imagination and of criticism of the documents, including Jeremiah's own writings, Dr. Cheyne constructs the figure of the prophet, and makes his life and times both clear and full of human interest. None of the sources of information in ancient history seems to have been left unused, and while the comparisons with modern historical events may not please certain readers, they make the story wonderfully fresh. (\$1. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

'THE IMMANENT GOD' is the title of the first of a collection of eight sermons by Abraham W. Jackson. A sonnet prefixed is addressed to the worshippers in Unity Chapel, Santa Barbara. The point of view is that of the Unitarian philosophy, and the chief feeders of the author's thought seem to be his fellow-preachers, Robert Collyer and Minot J. Savage, and Mr. O. B. Frothingham. There is little evidence of deep meditation or wide reading in the volume, 'That good Methodist phrase' ('means of grace') which the author would like 'quoted forever' (p. 67), will be found in the general thanksgiving of the Book of Common Prayer, which was composed in 1625 by Dr. Edward Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, who was a Presbyterian and Episcopalian by turns, and died about a hundred years before the Methodist movement began. There are bright thoughts in the book, but those like Satan being 'the attorney-general of the universe' (p. 80), and the poetry, are quotations. 'Satan the Genius of Trial' seems to be the most original of the discourses, and the presentations of God as immanent, unsearchable and manifest, may help some inquirers who are studying the theme of themes. (\$1. Cincinnati: A. S. McClurg & Co.)

DURING HIS LONG lifetime as a religious teacher, whether as missionary or city pastor in Philadelphia, the Rev. George Dana Boardman has concentrated his power upon the elucidation, by expository lectures, of Bible themes. The volume now sent forth is his seventh. 'The Ten Commandments' are his theme, and the twelve lectures, now bound into a comely volume of nearly four hundred pages, were delivered before the University of Pennsylvania. All that can possibly be done to make a book attractive, useful and comfortable to a reader has been done by author and publisher; the apparatus of good book-making is complete, from frontispiece to double index. From the earliest to the latest commentators, Dr. Boardman draws light and illustration, and the foot-notes and quotations show a wide range of reading. While no originality of thought is even attempted, the interpretations, exposition and comment are full of insight, balance, sanity, and a winsomeness that makes lofty morality very beautiful. The Seventh Commandment is felicitously and strongly treated. The Third is rightly applied to other than profane swearers; ranting reformers who lightly attempt to use fire from Heaven to blast their rivals ought to read it. (\$1.50. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.)

WHEELER'S 'Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction,' of which the nineteenth edition has just been brought out, is a work which, for a first effort in its line, contains very few inaccuracies and is guilty of few important omissions. The original edition having been published in 1865, certain references to authors then living should have been corrected in the Appendix, which the publishers have felt themselves constrained to add. Thus, George Eliot and Disraeli still live in the body of the book; and the Appendix has nothing to say of 'She,' or Aldrich's 'Marjorie Daw,' or any of Howells's characters, nor of the creations of Tourguéneff and Tolstoi. But there is much more to be said in favor of the work than against it. Its Introduction, giving in concise form the rules of pronunciation adopted by the author, and explanation of all the marks and abbreviations used in the body of the book is, in particular, a feature which it is desirable should be copied in all other publications of the kind.

TWO COOKERY BOOKS, one English and one American, filled with receipts to tempt epicurean palates, are 'Cakes and Confections à la Mode,' by Mrs. de Salis (60 cents, Longmans, Green & Co.), and 'Choice Cookery,' by Catherine Owen (\$1, Harper & Bros.) Neither of the books is intended for the use of the immature, its avowed intention being rather to explain, and give instruction in, the mysteries of those esoteric branches of cookery commonly supposed to be known only to the high priests of the art. As accurate and as celebrated as are Mrs. De Salis's receipts, they presuppose an amount of knowledge which, together with their sometimes foreign ingredients, makes their success rather uncertain except in trained hands. The receipts in Mrs. Owen's 'Choice Cookery' have been tested by American housewives, as the chapters appeared in the columns of *Harper's Bazar*. One gets here, besides the formulæ of delicious dishes, faint suggestions of the taper-lighted dinner-table and the brilliant company whose pleasure they are to serve; which gives the book a different aspect from the brief and many-paragraphed pages of a cook-book.

IN THE Great Writers Series the Life of Schiller, by Henry W. Nevins, is a thoroughly well-written biography. It is appreciative in tone, fully grasps the subject, and is just in its criticisms. The one criticism on its method which seems to be called for is, that it unnecessarily opposes Schiller's literary idealisms. The literary methods of Schiller's day were not more a fashion of the time than those of our own. It is idle, if not worse, for the critic to assume that we have reached absolute ground with the current realism. The author does not forget, however, to give Schiller credit for his genius, his industry and his fine literary qualities. The story of the poet's life, told so many times before, has not been better told than here, nor his relations with Goethe more skillfully presented. The usual index and bibliography complete an excellent book. (40 cts. T. Whittaker.)

THE REV. D. CONVERS of Philadelphia has issued a book on 'Marriage and Divorce in the United States,' in which he takes the extreme high church ground on the subject. He starts out with the remark that 'marriage and divorce in the United States of America are in an unsatisfactory condition,' and then proceeds to fortify this statement by setting forth the anomalies and inconsistencies of our marriage laws. In doing so he cites a great number of cases that have been tried in the courts, in order to show how the laws are interpreted and what effects they sometimes have. He maintains that marriage is a sacrament, and should never be treated as anything less. With regard to divorce he takes equally extreme ground, maintaining that it should only be granted for one cause; and he expressly declares that we ought to uphold the principle 'once married, married till death.' Marriage with a deceased wife's sister he declares to be incest, your wife's sister being your own sister. Such are Mr. Convers's views; but if he hopes to see them embodied in legislation, we fear he will be disappointed. Our marriage laws certainly need modification, but the reform must proceed in accordance with the best modern ideas, and not in the spirit of an antiquated sacerdotalism. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'MY HANDKERCHIEF GARDEN,' published in New York by E. H. Libby, is Charles Barnard's account of how, from a plot of ground 25 x 60 feet in size he obtained 'fresh vegetables, exercise, health and \$20.49.' No one, we fear, who has an object in life and wishes to attain it will have time to read F. Leopold Schmidt, Jr.'s pamphlet, entitled 'An Object in Life and How to Attain It,' just issued by Fowler & Wells Co. Cupples & Hurd publish a new edition of W. H. H. Murray's 'Deacons' in a bright yellow cover lettered in red, and with a frontispiece that does not irresistibly lure the reader on. The frontispiece to Rufus E. Shapley's 'Solid for Mulhooly,' of which Gebbie & Co. of Philadelphia publish a new



edition, with illustrations by Thomas Nast, is not a whit more attractive; the best thing about these illustrations is that there are so few of them. 'Revelation,' by Dr. Isaac M. Atwood, is issued by the Universalist Publishing House as the third in its series of Manuals of Faith and Duty; the author is a firm believer in miracle as a means of revelation. If one wishes to make the tour of the world under the protecting wing—or pen—of Clara Moysé Tadlock, he may do so in 'Bohemian Days'—an illustrated book bearing the impress of an ordinary mind and the imprint of John B. Alden. Dean & Son of London have issued a pamphlet filled with colored prints representing scenes in 'The Yeomen of the Guard': the best of these is on the cover.

### The Lounger

I SPOKE last week of a souvenir of the Authors' Readings in Washington a year ago, of which Mrs. Cleveland has just been made the recipient. I should have said that the contributors are not only the men who read on that occasion. On the cover of the volume is stamped a reproduction of Fra Angelico's reading monk in the Convent of San Marco at Florence. This, and one or two graceful embellishments in color inside the album, the monogram 'F. F. C.' among them, are due to the artist hand of Dr. Edward Eggleston's daughter Allegra. The Doctor himself contributes an introduction, setting forth the circumstances attending the preparation of the book. Including the Egglestons, father and daughter, there are just seventy-five contributors—unless the binder also, Mr. William Mathews, of the Appleton establishment, be counted as one, and not the least important of the number. The practical details of getting the manuscripts together were attended to by Mr. William Carey. Few of the authors, apparently, were accustomed to writing on vellum; the result being that those who wrote *currente calamo*, as if they were writing on smooth paper, made but a faint impression, while those who took most pains with the work wrote more clearly than usual but in a somewhat less characteristic style.

GEORGE BANCROFT'S handwriting is one of the plainest in the book. He gives simply the date, 'June 15, 1888,' and his age, '87 years, 8 months, 12 days.' Some of the writers quote a 'sentiment' from some familiar book; others copy out a selection from their own writings; still others compose original lines for the occasion. Mr. Lowell copies the passage relating to Mr. Cleveland from his address at Harvard's 250th anniversary. But it would be an endless task to specify the gems of the collection; suffice it to give the names, in their order, that follow Dr. Eggleston's Introduction:

Dr. Lyman Abbott, Henry M. Alden, George Bancroft, T. B. Aldrich, Oliver Bell Bunce, John Burroughs, George H. Boker, Wm. Henry Bishop, S. L. Clemens ('Mark Twain'), Noah Brooks, Helen Gray Cone, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, George W. Cable, Edward Bellamy, George William Curtis, Christopher P. Cranch, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Charles de Kay, Julia C. R. Dorr, Rebecca Harding Davis, George Cary Eggleston, Thos. Dunn English, Edgar Fawcett, John Fiske, Dr. H. H. Furness, Richard W. Gilder, Edwin L. Godkin, Robert Grant, Dr. Edward E. Hale, Henry Harland ('Sidney Lusk'), John Hay, Marion Harland, Thos. Wentworth Higginson, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Bronson Howard, W. D. Howells, Henry James, Laurence Hutton, Thomas A. Janvier, Col. R. M. Johnston, Robert U. Johnson, Thos. W. Knox, George P. Lathrop, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Walter Learned, James Russell Lowell, Brander Matthews, Joaquin Miller, Frank D. Millet, James Herbert Morse, 'Bill Nye,' Charles Eliot Norton, John Boyle O'Reilly, James Parton, Francis Parkman, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Ward), Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, E. P. Roe, James Whitcomb Riley, Frank Dempster Sherman, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Frank R. Stockton, L. Frank Tooker, J. T. Trowbridge, Horace E. Scudder, Maurice Thompson, Celia Thaxter, Chas. Dudley Warner, Edith M. Thomas, John G. Whittier, Justin Winsor, and Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THE DIFFERENT forms in which pride besets its victims afford an amusing study. You will find a man too proud to work at anything he considers 'beneath his dignity,' and yet not too proud to sit at home and let his wife's work support him. Another man will be too proud to have a torn coat mended, since to wear a garment that has been repaired indicates poverty, while a tear might have occurred but a moment ago. Girls who work in shops carry schoolbooks or a music-roll to and from their place of business, so that they may be mistaken for schoolgirls, though their hours are certainly not those of the average pupil. Perhaps they hope to be taken for special students. The Librarian of the Mercantile Library tells me that it is a common thing for 'ladies' to tear the paper covers off the books they take from the Library the moment they are outside the door. These silly creatures think it looks finer to

carry an uncovered book than one that is covered, and they would rather seem to own a volume than to have taken it from a library.

I ASKED Mr. Peoples if all circulating libraries covered their books, and he said that the Philadelphia Mercantile did not; nor are they covered in all departments of the Boston Public Library. His experience, however, has been decidedly in favor of covers. He tried to do without them once, but after two or three handlings the books were ruined. Shelves of paper-covered volumes are not as inviting as rows of books in their original and varied bindings; at the same time there is everything to be said in favor of covering books in public libraries.

ONE OF THE most interesting theatrical performances I ever witnessed was given at Niblo's Garden on Monday afternoon. The play was 'Rip Van Winkle,' given by Mr. Joseph Jefferson for the benefit of the children in the public and private orphan asylums of this city. There were 1,500 of these little unfortunates present. It was a great day for them, and they looked with all their eyes and listened with all their ears. The subtleties of the play were lost upon them, and I am afraid they didn't quite catch its moral lesson; but they enjoyed it just as much as if they had understood it all. They laughed when Rip asked for 'Schneider'; they looked frightened when the thunder roared and the lightning flashed; and they cried good honest tears when the poor fellow was driven out of his home; and after the play, when they saw Mrs. Cleveland coming out of one of the boxes, the boys waked the echoes of the big theatre with their loud cheers, to which the girls added a shrill treble of delight. It was altogether a memorable day, and I don't believe any one enjoyed it more than dear old 'Rip' himself; for he had given 1,500 little orphan children the greatest treat of their lives.

I WROTE, not long ago, of a little volume containing 'Washington's Fifty-Seven Rules of Behavior,' published a few years since in a Western town. For an edition of the 'Rules' superior to the earlier one in almost every respect, I am indebted to Dr. J. M. Toner, who sends me from Washington, where it was published last year by W. H. Morrison, a pasteboard-covered pamphlet entitled 'Washington's Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation.' There are 110 of these injunctions, instead of fifty-seven, the latter being the number that Sparks saw fit to embody in his edition of Washington's writings. The present editor gives them *in extenso*, copying out the original text as written by Washington at the age of thirteen years, and adhering so closely to the manuscript as to preserve even the spelling, capitalization and punctuation. The result is a quaintness of typography that greatly helps to fasten the 'Rules' in one's memory. Wherever a syllable or a sentence has been gnawed away by rats or mice, Dr. Toner leaves a blank in the printed line; but these hiatuses only add to the authenticity and interest of the text.

AS TO THE subject-matter of the little book, Dr. Toner has searched all the treatises on deportment of earlier date than 1745 that are to be found in the National Library; and he has come to the opinion that while the principles are age-old and of world-wide acceptance in civilized communities, there can be little doubt that the phraseology of the code is Washington's. A few examples will illustrate the peculiar effect caused by 'following copy' literally in printing the Rules.

SHAKE not the head, feet, or Legs rowl not the Eys, lidf not one eye brow higher than the other wry not the mouth, and bedew no man's face with your Spittle, by appr . . . r him . . . you Speak.

DO not Puff up the cheeks, Loll not out the tongue rub the Hands, or beard, thrust out the lips, or bite them or keep the Lips too open or too close.

BEING Set at meat Scratch not neither Spit Cough or blow your Nose except there's a Necessity for it.

PUT not another bit into your Mouth till the former be Swallowed let not your Morsels be too big for the jowls.

MAKE no Comparisons and if any of the Company be Commended for any brave act of Virtue, commend not another for the same.

The 110th maxim is the most important, and it was characteristic of Washington to reserve it for the last:

LABOUR to keep alive in your Breast that Little Spark of Celestial fire called Conscience.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, came from Washington on Wednesday of last week and, with Mrs. Bancroft and George Bancroft, Jr., remained here till Thursday afternoon, when he left for his summer home at Newport by the Fall River boat. Mr. Bancroft will be eighty-eight years and eight months old on Monday.

## Boston Letter

THE DEATH at eighty-six of George H. Calvert, whose funeral takes place in Newport on Wednesday, has occasioned much regret among his friends here in Boston, for although he had reached an advanced age he was one of those men who always preserve the youth of the heart. His book on 'The Gentleman' showed very clearly his exquisitely refined sentiment, and I do not recall anyone who has treated the subject with a sounder and more discriminating judgment. He was a fine German scholar and published a number of translations from the classics of that language. He and Mr. Bancroft are the only Americans who could recall memories of Goethe; and every year when he and the Rev. Mr. Wendte, the former Unitarian minister at Newport who will officiate at his funeral, were in the old town, they always called on the historian of the United States on his birthday. Mr. Calvert had Boston connections through his marriage to Elizabeth Stuart of Baltimore, who was a sister of the late Augustus Thorndike of this city, a great uncle of the late Allen Thorndike Rice. As a dignified and courteous gentleman and a scholar of rare culture, whose wisdom and taste flowered in his conversation, Mr. Calvert will be pleasantly remembered by all who knew him.

I am reminded of the fact that by his death, as well as that of Laura Bridgman, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's seventieth birthday, which occurs to-day, will be clouded; for she was accustomed to meet him in literary circles in Newport, where she was for some time President of the Town and Country Club. At the rooms of the New England Women's Club, where Mrs. Howe's birthday is to be celebrated to-morrow, I notice that her portrait is tastefully decorated with flowers. This is an excellent likeness of her, and to my mind has a softer and more natural expression than the white marble bust by Signor Apolloni, a clever Italian sculptor who has until recently been living in Boston. This bust, on a tall red velvet pedestal, is one of the ornaments of the parlor of Mrs. Howe's house in Beacon Street. Neither the picture nor the bust gives that expression of vigorous determination which she exhibits when speaking on some subject in which she is deeply interested. I recall her bearing as truly queenly when she read at the last Authors' Reading in this city her own 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

Roberts Bros. are to publish on June 5 Balzac's 'Seraphita' translated by Miss Wormeley, who has been so successful with the previous volumes, and an Introduction by Geo. Frederic Parsons, elucidating the history and philosophy of the book. With 'Seraphita' closes the series of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, its predecessors being 'Louis Lambert' and 'The Magic Skin.' These philosophical novels may not suit the popular taste as well as the author's lighter pieces, but their profound insight into the springs of human thought and action stamps them with enduring value.

The same firm are to publish simultaneously with 'Seraphita' the following books, which are pleasantly adapted to summer reading: 'Inside Our Gates,' by Mrs. Christine Chaplin Brush, author of 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak'; 'Miss Eyre from Boston, and Others,' by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton; and 'A Woodland Wooing,' by Eleanor Putnam, the late Mrs. Arlo Bates, who will be remembered by many readers of her charming sketches.

About the middle of June, Roberts Bros. will bring out 'Rogers and His Contemporaries,' in two volumes, by P. W. Clayden, being a sequel to 'The Early Life of Samuel Rogers,' which they published about a year ago. As a kinsman of 'the bard, the beau, the banker,' as Byron satirically called the noted man who filled such a unique position in the literature and society of his time, Mr. Clayden had peculiar facilities for collecting materials for the present work, which is full of entertainment and instruction. Here are original letters and hitherto unpublished records of conversations which throw light on the social life of the time, and the relations of Rogers with his distinguished contemporaries in literature, society, and art.

These volumes give a more favorable idea of Rogers than readers of the diaries and correspondence of the period entertain. They show that his caustic wit did not spring from ill-nature so much as from the temptation, irresistible in a man of his temperament, of saying bright things in a sharp way. It is pleasant to have the testimony of a man whom he had aided to his kindness of heart, and there is an anecdote of Campbell which touches this point. Some one had said of the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory' that he was always speaking evil of his acquaintances. 'Is he?' said Campbell; 'borrow 500*l.* of him, and he will never say anything unkind of you till you try to pay it back.'

Wordsworth appears to considerable disadvantage in these volumes, and it is one of their merits that they furnish the material for revising one's judgments of distinguished people. Brougham figures as a frequent correspondent of the poet in his later years; and

there is a characteristic touch in his description of a dinner given by the East India Company to the members of the Nepaul embassy. 'I hear that one of them, being asked how he liked our rifles said he had one which he had used to kill a servant, and he liked it very well.' The fact that Rogers's life covered a period of ninety-two years, during which he saw so much of what was best in literature and society, makes these volumes of peculiar interest. He expressed his pride that he had been shaken by the hand by every great man in England in his time, and though he had not known Pitt, this was no exception to the rule, for Pitt, he rather arbitrarily assumes, 'was not a great man.' Letters from such distinguished Americans as Webster, Everett, Irving, Prescott, Ticknor and Sumner show the breadth of Rogers's associations.

'By Leafy Ways: Brief Studies from the Book of Nature,' illustrated by E. T. Compton, is also to be published by Roberts Bros. about the middle of June. This is a charming volume of studies of nature by a keen and sympathetic observer, to whom a broad culture gives a deeper appreciation of her attractions. He says, among other suggestive remarks, that the word lynx-eyed is based upon a misconception, the word not referring to the beast at all, but to Lynceus, the Argonaut, the hero of the Calydonian Hunt, whose power of finding treasure in the bowels of the earth first brought the word into existence.

D. Lothrop Co. have nearly ready 'The Mossback Correspondence,' a quaint and practical series of talks and letters on family follies and church failings, by F. E. Clark, President of the Christian Endeavor Society. It has a genial tone, despite its trenchant sallies. The tasteful paper-covered Summer Series issued by the above-named company has some interesting and seasonable additions in Miss Connelly's 'Tilting at Windmills,' Miss Palmer's 'Doctor of Deane,' and Hester Stuart's 'A Modern Jacob.'

Margaret Sidney's 'Our Town,' a story of village life in the New England of to-day, will please the young people who have followed with interest the experiences of 'Five Little Peppers.'

The frontispiece to the June *Wide Awake* is Henry Bacon's attractive picture of a tired girl and a wearied dog, which he brought to this country from Paris and disposed of to an appreciative Chicagoan.

I hear that Sir Edwin Arnold is about to publish a volume of poems as a tribute to his late wife. It is entitled 'My Lady's Praise, being Poems Old and New written to the honor of Fanny Lady Arnold and now collected for her memory.'

BOSTON, May 27, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

## London Letter

CERTAIN GRIEVANCES afflict certain natures. One human being is out of conceit with his kind for one species of offence, another for a different, and it may be a totally opposite one. For example, there are individuals to whom the fact that there is a vast amount of wasteful extravagance connected with our hospitals, infirmaries, and other benevolent institutions is so large a blot, that they can scarce open their purses for a single charitable fund. Again, there are others who take so deeply to heart the insecure footing of the London wood-pavements as regards London horses that they will hardly enter a London vehicle. The untimely and ever increasing re-appearance of London fog at all seasons of the year is a fruitful theme for declamation with many who believe the nuisance to be remediable. Street cries are an outrage to the hyper-sensitive,—and not long ago, I remember a sharp controversy set a-raging by some one whose sense of the fitting was affronted by the prowling of hansom cabs about and around in search of fares.

Such and similar grievances will gain a recruit to their ranks in the revelations contained in 'Literature and the Pension List,' just published by the Incorporated Society of Authors. They are sure to stir up the indignation of not a few—they may quite possibly rouse a hornet's nest. So little has hitherto been known about the uses to which the Pension List has been, and is being put, that the statements put forth in this little volume will come before the public with all the shock of a novelty, and a novelty of the most startling kind. They may be depended upon for correctness, since the book has been compiled after a careful and prolonged investigation on the part of the committee, though ostensibly the production of only one of its members, Mr. Morris Colles. The facts being thus officially authenticated, speak for themselves, and speak in no measured accents; to make out a case on the other side will, I fancy, be beyond the power of any who, having been concerned in the administration of the Civil List during the present reign, may feel called upon to justify the extraordinary line of conduct which has been pursued.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may here briefly state the facts of the case. A very moderate sum, nearly twelve hundred pounds



per annum, is granted by this country wherewith Her Majesty, the Queen, may reward those of her subjects who, 'by their personal services to the Crown, by the performance of duties to the public, or by their useful discoveries in science or attainments in literature have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign, and the gratitude of their country'—it being understood, as a matter-of-course, that the recipients are in needy circumstances, requiring such assistance. As a small benevolent fund—not for a moment to be confounded with the rewards a grateful Queen and country bestow on special services in any form—this sounds all very right and reasonable; but how do we find the Pension List in working order? We find that, although the amount of pensions granted each year must not exceed the sum of twelve hundred pounds, the restriction applies exclusively to new pensions, and does not deal with any already in existence,—which, being interpreted, means that this country is being annually charged by the pensions thus bestowed, to the extent of between twenty and thirty thousand a year; and that were all the annuitants still living who had been pensioned during the Queen's reign, the charge would amount yearly to sixty thousand.

For a country like England, even so large a revenue is not perhaps any very great matter—though distinctly opposed to the spirit of the Pension List, as originally formed,—but it is a great matter, and a matter likely to swell the choler of many an honest English breast, to find that the poor, neglected, starving poets, or the helpless widows of ill-fated men-of-letters for whose relief the fund was most distinctly designed, are represented in actual fact by such personages as the lord of Farringford Manor, and the relict of the well-paid and prosperous Sir Arthur Helps. That Lord Tennyson has a just claim to recognition at the hands of his Queen and country none will perhaps dispute; but that the Poet Laureate, the peer, the owner of flourishing lands and enormously valuable copyrights, should care to pocket year by year £200 out of a Pension List provided for those who have 'a claim upon the Royal Benevolence,' exhibits, to say the least of it, a curious phase of human nature. Again, on the list we find the lessee of a thriving theatre, whose own plays are among the most popular of the day, and an Inspector of Schools, whose berth is one of the most coveted of its kind; yet Mr. Robert Buchanan and the late Mr. Matthew Arnold were content to draw pensions (Mr. Buchanan draws his still) which must have meant to each of them little more than a trifle wherewith to purchase a curio, or a case of wine, out of a list projected for the helpless and the destitute!

It were useless to exonerate: let those who desire to learn more read for themselves, and they will not be disappointed in the sensations they may anticipate. But one other word, and I have done. While the indignation of all unbiassed Englishmen and Englishwomen—indeed of impartial people throughout the world—will be roused by such gross misapplication of public money among those so obviously above the need of it, they will feel, on the other hand, amazed to discover that the Pension List contains a number of annuitants, who though poor enough, have poverty for their only plea. Obscure rhymesters, villagers, of whom not even a passing breath has ever been heard, are, we are now informed, drawing their eighty or ninety pounds a year, in consideration of—Heaven save the mark! 'the merits and public utility of their literary work'! Of these unknown benefactors to their species, I can solemnly affirm that I had never heard the name of *one* (with the exception of Mr. David Wyngate, a very, very humble poet); and the probability is that at some date or other, the squire, or the county member, or the Somebody of the place, to be rid of the importunity of unrecognized genius, foisted the yokel's claims on the notice of a friendly Minister of the Crown, and obtained from him the coveted pension; in return for which civility he has presently had it in his power to etc., etc.,—we all know how these things are done. 'Literature and the Pension List' will assuredly raise a considerable clatter; but whether any real good will be done, any concessions be made, or reforms brought about, yet remains to be seen.

A new book on the great Savonarola is sure to be welcomed by the thoughtful; more especially as the present one, entitled 'The Life and Times of Savonarola,' by Prof. Villari, contains the outcome of some newly discovered and valuable documents tending to throw light upon the obscurer portions of the terrible friar's career. The character of Savonarola has ever been one round which a halo has formed. His noble, warlike courage, his untameable fierceness for the truth, and uncorrupted adhesion to it to the bitter end—all combine to form a portrait which has rarely been equalled, never excelled. His was the central figure in that vast theological upheaval which shook Italy from stem to base towards the end of the Fifteenth Century; thus his life was more thrilling, more intensely dramatic, and more full of tragic interest than that of any hero of romance. On all hands, and on every side, luxury and vice stalked hand in hand at that corrupt period, and tempters were

neither few nor far between who sought by the most splendid offers and the most subtle persuasions to win over to their ranks so powerful an opponent. That all proved in vain, that true to himself and the religion of the Holy Bible, Savonarola closed the career of a patriot by the death of a martyr, is a matter of history; but it is good to be reminded that such men have lived and died, and it is earnestly to be desired that Prof. Villari's work will be as widely read as its own merits and its noble subject deserves. (N. B. But I prefer 'Romola,' all the same.)

We may now hope that we in London have done our 'Private Viewing' for some time to come. Pictures and people, or more strictly speaking, people and pictures when thus placed in conjunction, are all very well, but one can have a little too much of even such very good things. Three 'Private Views' in one week did try us a little. Friday—Academy Day—was, moreover, such a glorious day! The sunshine had that kind of dazzling radiance about it which throws a gloss over every object it touches; and I could not help thinking that but for the honor and glory of the thing, many of us who were smiling and chattering—and gasping and panting—and doing our best to keep those terrible trailing lace sleeves of ours out of harm's way, would far rather have been walking among the hyacinths in the Park, or cantering along the cool, moist Row beneath the budding, bursting young leaves. To be sure, there were dukes and duchesses at Burlington house, and statesmen and strangers, and beauties, and—and plain people. There really were some rather remarkably plain people about. It struck me that I had never seen so many hot, red faces, and—but this is cruel. Considering the atmosphere, and the crush, and all the rest, what could be expected? There is only one thing I want to know. And I wonder if anybody ever does know. Namely, who are those *very* peculiar people—I do not mean the ordinarily extraordinary—they are everywhere—but the really and truly peculiar people who never show up anywhere else, but who are absolutely sure to appear at 'Private Views'? Where do they come from? Where do they retreat to when the show is over? And why, oh, why must they invariably attire themselves in a manner to attract—attention?

L. B. WALFORD.

### Laura Bridgman

WE REPRINT from the *Times* the following account of the education of Laura Bridgman, who died at the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston on Friday, May 24.

Laura Dewey Bridgman was born in Hanover, N. H., Dec. 21, 1829. Until the age of two she was in possession of all her faculties, but she was then attacked with a fever, which left her deprived of speech, sight, hearing, and smell, and nearly destroyed her sense of taste. . . . There would have been no hope of her redemption if, at the age of eight, she had not been seen by Dr. Samuel G. Howe, who, returning to this country full of philanthropic enthusiasm, after helping Greece to successfully revolt from Turkish tyranny, had become the head of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in South Boston, Mass. . . . Oct. 4, 1837, Laura Bridgman became an inmate of Dr. Howe's asylum, and the arduous task of teaching her was begun. Her first lessons were given by taking small articles of common use, such as a key, a pen, etc., having labels pasted upon them with their names in raised letters, and allowing her to feel of these very carefully over and over again until she came to associate the word thus printed with the thing itself. After a while, by a specially-devised process—in fact, every advance in her education was caused by methods invented by Dr. Howe—she was taught to spell and to understand the meaning of the words she spelled. . . . Some idea of the difficulty of her education, willing as she was to learn, may be given by saying that after she had been in the asylum twenty-six months and was ten years old, she was mentally the equal of an ordinary child of three.

After this, however, she advanced more quickly, having acquired, as it were, the rudiments of her education—the power of communicating with other people, receiving their simple ideas readily, and conveying her own. In time her sense of touch became very acute, and her senses of smell and of taste improved in a slight degree. Her perseverance was much above the average. She had a strong appetite for knowledge, and she never ceased to try to get it. In consequence of her persistency and industry, by the time she had become a woman she had learned to write legibly and had acquired a fair knowledge of geography and arithmetic and could do sewing and household work. She made much of her own clothing and ran a sewing-machine. She was a remarkable questioner, caused by her continually thinking of all she was told.

If ever a person had justification for moroseness and repining it was Laura Bridgman. Gifted with a fine brain, capable of aspiring, had she not been robbed of her senses by disease, to a highly

intellectual life and labor, she was doomed to a life of deprivation such as rarely falls to the lot of a sane and civilized human being. Yet her disposition was sunny and affectionate. She had a profoundly religious mind, and, having been first taught religion by Dr. Howe, a Unitarian, after some years she was baptized a member of the Baptist Church, the Church of her parents.

A friend described her at the age of fifty-five as sitting knitting in her sunny room in the asylum, with nothing strange in her appearance, since her blindness was concealed by spectacles. She was of the well-known New-England type—somewhat slender of form, of medium height, having black, smooth hair, and a refined and gentle manner.

For several years past she lived in the asylum only a part of the year, passing the warm months with her parents at Hanover. When Dr. Howe died in 1876 she was stricken with grief, and mourned him long and deeply.

### Mrs. Howe's Birthday

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE celebrated her seventieth birthday on Monday. Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Henry M. Howe assisted in receiving her guests. Gen. Francis A. Walker spoke of Mrs. Howe's youth, when his father was in the anti-slavery movement with her; and poems were read by her old friend John S. Dwight, her daughter Mrs. Richards, and Henry W. Austin. Among those present were the Hon. and Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Miss Anne Whitney, Judge John Lowell, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Frank W. Bird, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. A beautiful birthday book lay upon one of the tables, and in it all the guests signed their names. Dr. Holmes, who, on account of the recent death of his daughter, did not attend the reception, said in his letter in reply to an invitation from Mrs. Elliot: 'As for your mother's age, I am bound to believe her own story, but I can only say that to be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.' George William Curtis wrote: 'I shall still be a little too lame to venture so far away from home as your kind invitation tempts me to stray, but no words of my regard and admiration for Mrs. Howe will ever limp or linger.' Richard W. Gilder closed his letter with the lines:

How few have rounded out so full a life—  
Priestess of righteous war and holy peace;  
Poet and sage, friend, sister, mother, wife—  
Long be it ere that noble heart shall cease.

Among the many other letters was one from Mrs. MacVeagh, President of the Fortnightly Club of Chicago; one from Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Story of Rome, and one from Col. John Hay. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Howe was given a reception by the Women's Club, of which she was one of the founders and President since 1872. She wore at her throat the diamond brooch given to her the day before by the Saturday Morning Club. A handsomely printed edition of 1000 copies of her 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' was presented to her. Among the congratulatory letters received was one from Mr. Whittier.

In *America* of May 23 is a 'Song of the Harebell,' by Mrs. Howe, followed by a sketch of the poet's work for women's clubs, by her daughter, Mrs. Florence Howe Hall of Scotch Plains, N. J.; a poem entitled 'The Cheer of the Trenton's Men,' by another daughter, Mrs. Laura E. Richards of Gardiner, Me.; a story entitled 'Hashish,' by Maud Howe (Mrs. John Elliot of Chicago); a poem entitled 'The Deaf Beethoven,' by Mrs. Howe's eldest daughter, the late Julia Romana Anagnos; and a bit of satirical verse by Mr. Henry M. Howe of Boston.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

THE Treasurer of the Arch Committee had received up to Wednesday evening, May 29, \$39,632.66. The principal contributions since our last number went to press have been as follows:

- \$673.25:—Tiffany & Co. (\$500) and employees (\$273.25).
- \$250 each:—Jerome B. Wheeler, Lisenard Stewart, J. H. Gaudier.
- \$200:—R. Fulton Cutting.
- \$150 each:—Abram Du Bois, and Society of American Artists (through F. E. Elwell and A. St. Gaudens).
- \$100 each:—R. G. Dun & Co., Wm. R. Grace & Co., Samuel Sloan, L. G. Woodhouse, Sheppard Knapp, Alfred J. Cammeyer, Auchincloss Bros., Sweetser, Pembroke & Co., Smith, Hogg & Gardner, A. R. Flower, the Brevoort House, Hitchcock, Darling & Co. (Fifth Avenue Hotel), Hawk & Wetherbee (Windsor Hotel), Edward Schell, John Wolfe, George G. King, Ed. F. Winslow,

John D. Slayback, Henry Clews, George Coppel, George Sherman. \$50 each:—Winthrop G. Gray, Samuel P. Avery, Mrs. Daniel Leroy, Mrs. V. L. McCready, 'Cash,' Lloyd Phoenix, Francis H. Leggett, J. L. Mott Iron Works.

\$40:—James Herbert Morse and pupils.

\$35:—Employees of Smith, Hogg & Gardner.

\$25 each:—William L. Bull, Latham, Alexander & Co., Morgan, Smithers & Co., W. G. Hatch & Son, J. M. Hartshorn & Bro., Van Schaick & Co., John Horn, Jr., A. E. Bateman, W. Fellowes Morgan, J. H. Johnston.

\$20 each:—John J. Nelhan, and J. C. Turner (with others).

\$15:—Richard Dawson and others, through *Commercial Advertiser*.

\$10 each:—J. L. Lee, Abram C. Bernheim, J. E. Eckerson, Henry M. Baker, Samuel Elliott, E. C. Stedman, John Regan, F. Schaeffler, Excelsior Elevator Guard and Hatch Cover Co.

\$5.75:—Employees of C. W. Schumann & Sons.

\$5.25, in sums of 25 cents each, from artists and engravers in the office of *The Century*.

\$5 each:—Noah Brooks, Wm. Carey, 'J. B. G.,' W. H. Morrison, Chas. Parsons & Son, J. F. B. Smyth.

On Monday evening the Society of Amateur Photographers exhibited at Chickering Hall, by means of lantern slides, a series of photographic views of the naval, military and civic parades in celebration of the Washington Centennial. The Rev. Robert Collyer spoke briefly of Washington before the exhibition began; and a large audience was pleased with his remarks as well as delighted with the views that followed them. The latter were explained by J. Wells Champney. The photographs of the Arch were greeted with special applause. After the show, a vote of thanks to the Society was passed.

A well-known writer and man-of-affairs sends me this message, under date of May 19:—

I was much interested in what the Lounger said yesterday as to the origin of the idea of making permanent Stanford White's Arch, that 'the idea was in the air.' As proof of this on Friday, April 26th, while the Lounger was proposing the idea for the issue of April 27th, my wife was out of town and I dined at the Century. On my way up town I made a point to get off at Bleecker St. and look at the arch, which I had not before seen. I was so much impressed with it that I stayed there half an hour looking at it. At dinner I sat next to ———, and immediately began talking about the arch, and how curious it was that with all our bronze statues we had never gone to arches, the most majestic form of memorial. I remember speaking of the victory arch at the Thiergarten, the similar arches in St. Petersburg and Vienna, the Arcade Triomphe in Paris, the Albert Gate at Hyde Park and so on—and asked ——— if he thought it would be feasible to turn White's arch into stone at the beginning of Fifth Avenue. Do you know the mechanical theory of the brain wave?—like heat, light and electric waves or modes of motion. It explains so many things.

*The Commercial Advertiser* thus corrects a mistaken impression entertained by certain readers of the daily papers:

A great many persons who discuss the proposal to erect the permanent arch have fallen into the error of concluding that the marble arch will be an exact reproduction of the temporary wooden structure now to be seen at Washington Square. Only this morning Mr. Maurice Fornachon, the architect in business with Richard M. Hunt, said that while he admired the beauty of the design it was impossible to reproduce it in its present form and have it stand. It would all come to the ground in a heap. But it has already been pointed out by Mr. White that it was not his purpose to reproduce the design of the temporary structure exactly. This could not be done in masonry unless a tie rod were introduced to withstand the thrust of the arch to which the piers of the existing structure are obviously inadequate. The increased thickness of the piers which will be necessitated by the change of site, as well as a change in material, will of course modify the proportions and the appearance of the arch. It is by no means impossible that, as Mr. Fornachon suggests, this increase in its dimensions would give the architect an opportunity for the introduction of subordinate arches on each side, similar to those in the Arc de Triomphe, which would serve as footways, the central arch spanning the roadway. With many of the famous arches on the continent this was an architectural necessity, as well as a great convenience and an additional beauty.

MR. RITCHIE'S collection of early letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle will contain, in addition to Mrs. Carlyle's correspondence, eleven unpublished letters of Carlyle's, dealing chiefly with his studies for his projected 'History of German Literature' and 'Cromwell.'



## The Fine Arts

### The Tiffany Window for the Yale Library

THE stained-glass window for Yale Library, of which a first view was had on May 23, at Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's studio in Seventy-second Street, is in several ways a remarkable performance. It contains more figures, we believe, than have before been introduced in any one composition in stained-glass, at least in this country; its shape, a long rectangle, is peculiar; and there are some curious and interesting points of technique concerning it. The figures represent Art, Science, Religion, Law and Music and the faculties which deal with them, with a white-robed and white-winged Alma Mater in the centre. They are grouped so as to fall into three large divisions. In front of the interspaces will rise double columns of polished yellow marble from which will spring low arches, thus apparently cutting the window into three. This has been decided on in order to avoid a marked contrast with the other windows, which are arranged in groups of three on a side, and have round tops. The library is Romanesque in style, square in plan, and covered by a round-arched vault. The treatment of this window introduces a little needed variety without violating the architectural effect. The decoration of the vault and wall-spaces, which has been entrusted to Mr. Tiffany, will be in buff and gold. The coloring of the window, like its form, at once accentuates the general scheme and varies it slightly. Yellow, orange and other warm colors predominate; but rose and other reds and brilliant greens and blues are boldly used along with them. Enamel paints have been had recourse to for the faces only. By various other means, such as moulding the forms in heavy glass, mixing several colors in the glass while melted, backing up or 'plating' portions with glass of another tint, and the like, the artist has sought to avoid the comparative opacity of painted glass. Mr. Tiffany has been an obstinate experimenter in this direction and, in the present window, has met with gratifying success.

### Art Notes

QUEEN VICTORIA is one of the notable persons who reach three-score and ten this year. She signalized her seventieth birthday on Friday of last week, May 24, by making Joseph Edgar Boehm, the sculptor, a baronet. A like honor was conferred on other worthies. Mr. Boehm made a statue of Her Majesty, some years ago, that apparently pleased her, though why she should have liked it, it would be hard to say.

—Since the opening of the Prize Fund Exhibition at the American Art Galleries, 'Evening on the Massachusetts Coast,' F. De Haven, has been sold for \$650; 'A Lesson in Arcadia,' by William Thorne, for \$800, and 'Still Life,' by A. J. Allbright, for \$50 (catalogue prices). The exhibition will remain open until July 1. On July 15 it will be removed to the Buffalo Exposition.

—The new edition of Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' (ordinary copies) is being delivered to subscribers. Over 1,100 copies have been ordered in advance. The large-paper copies are already at a high premium. Booksellers ask 17*l.*, 19*l.*, and 20*l.* per copy.

### Notes

THE printed request for letters of the late President Barnard to be sent to Prof. Butler of Columbia College has given an impression that a life of the distinguished educator is projected. We believe, however, that such is not the case; but that Mrs. Barnard is personally desirous of making as complete a collection as possible of her husband's correspondence. A memoir of Dr. Barnard would unquestionably be welcomed, if it should be decided to prepare one.

—Before Mr. Lowell sailed for England, he put in Mr. Aldrich's hands a long poem entitled 'How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes.' It will appear in an early number of *The Atlantic*.

—Ex-Alderman Alfred R. Conkling of this city has about completed the work of collecting material for the life of his uncle, the late Senator Roscoe Conkling, and has already written a portion of the book. He expects to have the entire work ready for the press in October. The publishers will be Charles L. Webster & Co.

—Miss Amelia B. Edwards is to sail for New York on Oct. 26 by the *Etruria*. Miss Bradbury will accompany her on her American tour. Dr. Edwards has accepted the invitation of the American Geographical Society to lecture in New York on Dec. 9, that of the Trustees of Columbia College to lecture on Jan. 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14; and that of the Archaeological Institute of America (New York Society) to give six lectures, probably in the Madison Square Theatre. The topics, fully illustrated, will treat of Egyptian exploration, arts, industries, etc., and of Græco-Egyptian art.

—The French Academy has awarded to Marion Crawford a prize of \$200 for his novels 'Zoroastre' and 'Le Crucifix de Marzio,' translated into French by himself.

—*The Athenæum* reports that Marion Crawford's 'With the Immortals' is being translated into French, and M. Renan will contribute a preface; that Mr. Crawford is just starting for a visit to the United States; and that Mary Howitt's autobiography, edited by her younger daughter, Miss Margaret Howitt, will shortly be published by Messrs. Isbister. It will occupy two volumes, and will be illustrated.

—'Bella's Choice,' the story of a contrast in homes, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, will appear in *Harper's Young People* published on June 4. In the same number Dr. John S. White, of the Berkeley School, will describe the long-distance telephone. Mount Holyoke Seminary, recently incorporated as a college, will be the subject of five illustrations, and of a descriptive article, by Helen Marshall North, in *Harper's Bazar* to be published June 7. *Harper's Weekly* issued on June 5 will contain an illustrated four-page supplement on the Colorado mountain town of Ouray, familiarly known as 'the Gem of the Rockies.'

—Frank Danby's (Miss Davis's) new book, 'Babe in Bohemia,' is boycotted by Mudie's and Smith & Son because of its immorality. The alleged author is the clever Jewess who wrote 'Dr. Phillips.'

—The following item of literary news is from *The Athenæum*:

The lady known to the world of literature as 'Carmen Sylva,' and in that of politics as the Queen of Roumania, is translating into the English language a number of Roumanian popular songs, collected by one of her maids of honor, Mdle. Vacaresco, from the mouths of the peasantry. These legends and ballads, which are described as of great beauty by an English lady who has read them in her Majesty's English version, have never been printed in any form, nor, until now, written down. The Queen, who is enthusiastic about her poetical discoveries, as they may fairly be considered, read some of them lately at an afternoon reception. Her Majesty's English translation is said to be most exact; as close, indeed, as the difference between the two idioms will allow—a result rendered possible by the fact that the poems are unrhymed.

Her Majesty has sent a dozen of these translations to *The Independent*. The first—a soldier song—appears in this week's number, on Decoration Day.

—Joseph Thompson, author of 'Through Masai Land,' has written a book on his recent explorations, called 'Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco,' which will be published immediately by Longmans, Green & Co. It contains six maps and over sixty illustrations.

—Part 1. (A to Appetence) of 'The Century Dictionary' has at last made its appearance.

—To the complaint of the novelist 'that in the present state of the book-trade it is almost impossible to get an audience for an American novel,' Mr. Howells, in the June *Harper's*, replies:

If you did not belong to a nation which would rather steal its reading than buy it, you would be protected by an International Copyright law, and then you might defy the magazines and appeal to the public in a book with a fair hope of getting some return for your labor on it. But you do belong to a nation that would rather steal its reading than buy it, and so you must meet the conditions of the only literary form with which stolen literature cannot compete. The American magazine much more than holds its own against anything we can rob the English of. Perhaps it is a little despotic, a little arbitrary; but unquestionably its favor is essential to success, and its conditions are not such narrow ones.

—To the series of Old South Leaflets have been added, as Nos. 15 and 16, Washington's 'Legacy,' a circular letter to the Governors of the States on disbanding the Army, June 8, 1783; and Washington's Letter to Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia, on the opening of communication with the West, Oct. 10, 1784.

—At Daly's Theatre on Monday Miss Vokes changed her bill again, still adhering, however, to her rule of giving three distinct pieces every evening. The first on the program was a one-act comedieta, entitled 'Tears'—a light and sparkling adaptation from the French, seeking to enforce the moral that one should no more shed false tears than he should cry 'Wolf!' when there is no wolf in the case. The burden of this bit fell upon the competent shoulders of Felix Morris; Miss Beverly Sitgreaves also made a pleasing impression in the part of a young bride. This was followed by Mrs. Charles Doremus's 'The Circus Rider,' a comedieta in one act, with which the public is already familiar. It is one of the best things in Miss Vokes's repertoire, and contains a song second only in its delightful absurdity to 'His 'art was True to Poll.' The chief novelty of the evening was 'Ghastly Manor,' 'a burlesque society melodrama in one horror,' by William Yardley. More than any other of the pieces in which the London Comedy Company has appeared, this latest one depends for its

prosperity on the mood of the audience. Notwithstanding the pains Miss Vokes has taken to catch the tricks of the 'emotional,' not to say sensational, actresses of the day, and the perfection of her caricature of their methods, it is always a question whether one shall yawn or smile at the rapid piling of horrors on horror's head. If the piece is saved, it is she alone who saves it.

—Prof. Charles E. West's library, sold in May by Bangs & Co., brought \$7,089.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Wednesday, June 5, 'The Beginnings of New England: The Puritan Theocracy in its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty,' by John Fiske; and 'Indoor Studies,' a new book by John Burroughs.

—The *Tribune* of Thursday, May 23, contained this interesting item of local news:

A quiet-looking, elderly man called at the office of the Board of Education on Monday, and told City Superintendent Jasper that he desired to give to some of the poor boys of New York an opportunity to obtain a college education. He proposed to establish for a period of five years twelve scholarships for poor boys in the schools who wished to go to college. In order to enable them to do this he would give to the parents or guardians of each of the boys thus selected \$250 a year to support him while he was in college. . . . The only condition made by the donor was that his name was not to be made public. . . . 'If the experiment is a success,' Mr. Jasper said, 'after a few years' trial, the scholarships will be established permanently, as the donor said that he would set aside a special fund for it.'

Mr. Jasper will be assisted in the selection of candidates by President Simmons of the Board of Education and Assistant Superintendent Godwin.

—Mr. Carl Schurz disclaims the intention of writing a magazine article on Bismarck. 'I did think at one time of preparing an article on the great Chancellor,' he is reported to have said, 'but after thinking it all over I came to the conclusion that anything I had gained in the way of friendly intercourse with him ought not to be put in print. Of course the Prince did not have any suspicion that I would "write him up," as we say, and I concluded not to play the part of an interviewer. I have had a good many lively talks with him, and have spent many a pleasant hour at his house, and to rush into print would be a violation of our friendly intercourse.'

—William Morris has in the press an important poem which Miss Alice Havers has illustrated.

—Walter Besant would be apt to wish one of his recent correspondents 'in Halifax,' were it not that the 'gentleman' is already resident there. He writes to *The Athenæum*:

Perhaps the following note may be of interest to some of your readers. Some time ago I had a letter from one 'J. Ellaby' asking me for some opinion on some subject—I quite forget what subject or what I replied, but I suppose I did reply. I now learn that this person has offered my private letter to a well-known journal to be published, and that he asks the sum of two guineas for it! I do not suppose that any editor will give him that price or any other price for a private letter. But the fact may be a warning to other people to whom Mr. J. Ellaby, who hails from Halifax, may write for their opinions.

—The lines prefixed by the Laureate to the Life of the late Dr. W. G. Ward by his son are as follows:

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find  
—Whose faith and work were bells of full accord—  
My friend, thou most unworlily of mankind,  
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward!  
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!  
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

—An additional \$400,000 has been raised for Lake Forest University. The Rev. Dr. W. C. Roberts, Moderator of the recent Presbyterian Assembly in this city, is the University's President.

—Among the considerations which have led the Mercantile Library Association and the Clinton Hall Association (which owns the site and the building occupied by the Library) to their decision to rebuild Clinton Hall rather than seek another location are these: the site is still central for the mass of people for whom the Library was founded; it is a great advantage to such an institution to have light and air on three sides, looking upon open streets and squares; and rentals can be obtained very readily in a business centre by renting the parts of the building not required for library purposes. Some of the leases on the present building do not expire until the 1st of May, 1890, so that the building cannot be undertaken before that date. The ground owned by the Association covers a space equal to about four and one-half city lots, upon which will be erected a structure six or seven stories high, with a basement. It is greatly to be hoped that the new Library will be an ornament to the city—a result which can be accomplished at no greater cost than that of an architectural eyesore.

—Mayor Grant is trying to have the Museum of Natural History opened on Sundays. The Trustees, who want \$400,000 from the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for the completion of the annex, claim that they haven't room for the crowd that would fill the place on the Sabbath, and won't have until the annex is finished. The Mayor and Tax Commissioner Coleman decided to inspect the Museum this week, before granting the application for funds.

—The Senior class of Smith College, at Northampton, Mass., is going to play the 'Electra' of Sophocles (recently done here in English by Mr. Sargent's pupils) the parts being taken by young women alone. The special study of the play has been going on for a year. Two performances will take place, on June 11 and 15. The Zeta Epsilon Society of Lake Forest University near Chicago gave performances last month (May 23 and 24) of a comic opera written for the occasion by Dr. L. M. Bergen. The words of the libretto were fitted to musical selections from the most popular operettas of the day, and to songs by the favorite writers. 'Lycia' the piece is called; and the scene is laid in Rome at the time of Nero.

—It has been understood for some time that in the event of the final loss of the McGraw-Fiske suit, involving \$1,500,000, bequeathed to the Library of Cornell University, Mr. Henry W. Sage will pay for the splendid library building, to cost over \$200,000, on which work has begun. But it has now transpired that, if the suit be lost, he will also give the Library an endowment of \$300,000. This would make Mr. Sage's benefactions to the University amount to about \$1,000,000 in cash, besides counsel and services.

—William Wright, LL.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, who died toward the end of May, was born in Bengal, on January 7, 1830, and was educated in Scotland and Germany. He has been Professor of Arabic in University College, London, and in Trinity College, Dublin. Twenty years ago he became Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum, and in 1870 was appointed to the post at which he died. He held honorary degrees from many universities, and published a large number of valuable works; among them 'The Travels of Ibn Jubair,' 'The Book of Jonah in Four Oriental Versions, with Glossaries,' 'A Grammar of the Arabic Language,' 'The Kamil of el-Mubarrad,' 'Contributions to the Apocryphal Literature of the New Testament,' 'An Arabic Reading Book,' 'The Chronicle of Joshua, the Stylite,' 'The Book of Kalilah and Dimnah,' and Catalogues of the Syriac and Ethiopic MSS. in the British Museum.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Aniel's Journal. Translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$1.75. Macmillan & Co.  
Babelon, Ernest. Manual of Oriental Antiquities. Tr. by B. T. A. Evetts.  
Bacon's Essays. Edited by F. G. Selby. 90c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Baig, G. H. A Comparative Glossary of the Gothic Language. Part VII. 50c. B. Westermann & Co.  
Blum, E. C. Bertha Laycourt. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Browning, Robert. Poetical Works. Vol. XIII.-XIV. \$1.50 each. Macmillan & Co.  
Caird, Mona. The Wing of Azrael. 30c. F. F. Lovell & Co.  
Carey, Rosa N. Merle's Crusade. \$1.25. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Cameron, Mrs. H. L. A Lost Wife. 50c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Clapp, H. L. Thirty-six Observation Lessons on Common Minerals. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.  
Cummings, Arthur. The Fall of Kilman Kon. . . . G. W. Dillingham.  
Day, Henry N. Elements of Mental Science. \$1. . . . Ivison, Blakeman & Co.  
De Vere, Aubrey. Essays. \$2. . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Dunlop, Robert. Life of Henry Grattan. 75c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Evans, W. L. Memory Training. \$1.25. . . . A. S. Barnes & Co.  
Fiske, John. The War of Independence. 75c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Fiske, Mary H. The Giddy Gusher Papers. . . . New York Dramatic Mirror.  
Gissing, George. The Nether World. 45c. . . . Harper & Bros.  
Gould, S. Baring. John Herring. 50c. . . . F. F. Lovell & Co.  
Gould, S. Baring. Mehalah. 50c. . . . F. F. Lovell & Co.  
Grimes, J. S. Geonomy. 50c. . . . Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Hayes, P. S. Electricity in Facial Blemishes. . . . Chicago: W. T. Keene.  
Heaton, John L. The Story of Vermont. \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Henley, W. E. A Book of Verses. \$1.25. . . . Scribner & Welford.  
Holmes, W. H. Ancient Art of the Province of Chiriqui. Washington: Bureau of Ethnology.  
Holmes, W. H. A Study of the Textile Art. . . . Washington: Bureau of Ethnology.  
Horn, H. J. Painting as a Fine Art. . . . J. W. Bouton.  
Hes, George. The Liquor Question in Politics. 75c. Society for Political Education.  
Johnson, Laura W. 800 Miles in an Ambulance. 75c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Kemble, Mrs. F. A. Far Away and Long Ago. \$1. . . . Henry Holt & Co.  
King, Capt. Charles. 'Laramie.' \$1. . . . Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Lang, A. Theocritus, Bion and Moschus. \$1.25. . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Moulé, Rev. H. C. G. Outlines of Christian Doctrine. 75c. . . . Thomas Whitaker.  
North, Barclay. The Diamond Button. 50c. . . . Cassell & Co.  
Ohnet, George. Antoinette. 50c. . . . Phila.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
Old South Leaflets. Nos. 15 and 16. 5c. each. . . . Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.  
Putnam, Daniel. Elementary Psychology. 90c. . . . A. S. Barnes & Co.  
Rita, A. Vagabond Lover. 50c. . . . F. F. Lovell & Co.  
Rita, Miss Kate. Confessions of a Caretaker. 50c. . . . F. F. Lovell & Co.  
Scudder, Horace. George Washington. 75c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
Swinburne, A. S. Poems and Ballads. \$1.50. . . . Worthington Co.  
Thackeray, W. M. Vanity Fair, 3 vols. \$3. . . . Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
The Constitution of the Empire of Japan. . . . Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.  
The Devil and I: A Novel. 50c. . . . G. W. Dillingham.  
Tyrrwhitt, R. St. John. Battle and After. \$1.25. . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Warden, Florence. The Fog Princes. 50c. . . . F. F. Lovell & Co.  
Zit and Xoe: Their Early Experiences. 50c. . . . Harper & Brothers.